

# Even When

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Even when the seas are calm  
And no clouds are in the sky  
While soft, the ship sways to the song

Of gulls that sing, “nothing’s wrong”  
The sailor cannot stop and sigh  
Even when the seas are calm

For fear that black, the blue will don —  
The happy sounds of birds will die  
But soft, the ship sways to their song

He feels an ache that something’s wrong  
The gentle breeze must carry lies  
All the while, the seas are calm

As dancing dolphins glide along  
His jaws clamp shut and hair awry  
Still soft the ship sways to the song

A sense of peace is what he longs  
Yet purest days, he will deny  
Even when the seas are calm  
And soft, the ship sways to the song